PAGE MADE BY AND FOR T.D.C. C. MEMBEI

Some Rules for Our Club Members

Dear Children of the Club;

Last week I set you some August riddes to solve. This week I am going to give you, first of all, a few rules which I hope you will cut out and pasts in your scrapbook for future reference. Here they are:

1. When a girl or boy destres to join the Children's Club of The Times-Dispatch, he or she should write a note, addressed to the editor of the Children's Page, expressing a wish to become a club member, and asking for a hadge to be sent. The nots should be signed with the full address of the writer. After the badge is received; club privileges of competitorship and otherwise are won by regular contribution to the puzzles or drawings—must all be signed with the full name and post-office of the sender. It is not sufficient to write a letter and leave other contributions unsigned. To prevent any danger of their being threwn out, they must have names appended to each one, and the other information necessary to nace

appended to each one, and the information necessary to place

cannot be reproduced. Original designs, well filled in, take precedence here over outlines and copies.

Be very careful in sending in stories to discriminate in classifying between original and selected matter. Youthful writers have their individual characteristics, as well as older ones, and the editor does not like a signature, "composed by," which should read instead, "selected by,"

A long time ago a clever Roman said it puzzled him to know how two Roman augurs, or priests, could look at each other without laughing. That was because one augur knew what deceptions were practiced by all others of his kind. Now, the T. D. C. C. Club, first of all, wants to be free from despition, and its editor and members must look each other straight in the face. So let all slick to original ideas, even though these may not seem to be quite as fine as some that might be borrowed.

CONTRIBUTORS FOR 2015

CONTRIBUTORS FOR THE WEEK.

Allen, Julia R.
Anderson, Percy
Allen, Marion
Anderson, Preston
Barnes, Bessie V.
Bell, Luctle E.
Bass, Lila S.
Bingham, M. E.
Boelte, Alma S.
Gleneay, Norma S.
Gleneay, Norma S.
Calloway, C.
Calloway, Willie A.
Carraway, Gertrude Pantill, Thenia
Chapin, Frances
Ouff, Vera
Franklin, Dorothy

Robertson, J. S., Jr.
Reamy, Sallie W.
Franklin, Dorothy

Robertson, S. L.

Modern Cinderilla.

Modern

CHAPTER IV.

This colony was a little religious body. Every evening they would meet in the little rudely constructed church in the little rudely constructed church and have prayer-meeting, and twice on Sunday they attended services. Later on they built a brick church, of which the arch of the door still stands. About this time slavery was introduced into Virginia by Argail bringing negro slaves from the West Indies, which came near bringing on war with Spain. A new and more liberal charter had been granted now, thus giving the people of Virginia an elective assembly, and henceforth to rule themselves. On the 9th of August, 1619, Yeardly ordered a General Assembly of Burgesses, which convened in the little church at Jamestown, the first elective assembly that ever sat in America.

America.
On the morning of April 1, 1622, the On the morning of April 1, 1822, the Indians fell on the colony, and massacred over four hundred of them; but Jamestown, the seat of government, was saved by a warning given by a chief the evening before. The colony, however, prospered, and colonies spread out from the little town, and in a few years after the capital was removed to Williamsburg, Va. Here wag, built the first hospital and school. Jamestown since then has been destroyed by fire several times. All now remaining is the arch of the doorway, which has been removed to the exposition ground near Norfolk, Va.

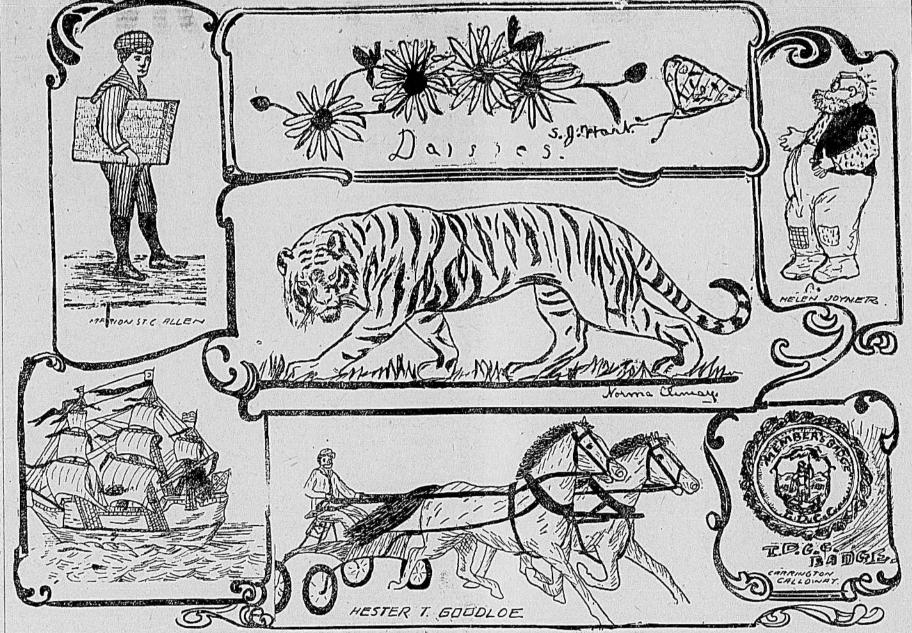
PERCY LANDRAM.

A DANGEROUS PASSENGER.

A country gentleman was once returning home in a buggy, when he met an old woman who claimed to be very tired. He took the old lady in the buggy and said he would drive her a little way. He discovered under the traveler's shawl a plack beard. He had enough presence of mind to know what to do; so he not accidentally dropped his handkerchief and asked the traveler to get out and get it for him, saying the horses were young and hard to hold, so the traveler got out, and the country gentleman, with a heavy lash of the whip, sent the horses flying homeward. When he got home he found in a basket left by the traveler a pair of pistols and other things.

GERTRUDE GARY,

103 E. Main Street, City, A DANGEROUS PASSENGER.



and I will see what the godmother can produce." With a courtly bow he with-drew to the hall and returned with a white silk dress in one hand and a pair of white kid slippers in the other. "Go forth to your bower, fair lady, and bedeek yourself in raiment white. I cannot offer you a coach drawn by six white mice, but my buggy is at your service."

flew to her own little room to follow LOUISE HARRISON McCRAW,

THE COFFIN OF GLASS.

No one should never say that poor tailor cannot rise to honor. It is only necessary for him to hit the right nation the head, and he is sure to be lucky. A polite, pleasant little appren-



Creek. He baited his hook, cast out his line, Then to catch a fish, waited quite

Finally he was rewarded, for the fish began to bite, And Wille on his pole pulled with all With that she blew him a kiss and his might.

At last the hook flew up, with quite a sudden bound,

And poor little Willie fell flat upon the ground.

But he sprang quickly up to see what he had caught.
And when he beheld his "catch" his feelings were much up wrought.
For dangling on the hook—it really made him sick—
Was nothing in the world but an old forked stick.
Composed by
ANNA HOWARD LAWSON.
Floyd, Va.

MY TRIP FROM RICHMOND TO NEW YORK.

We first took the train and went to Norfolk, and waiting at Norfolk was the large steamer Monroe, and after a delay of two hours and a haif on account of extra amount of freight, we were off for New York. A delightful trip, as we found, was in store for us, and, excepting an electric storm, we had a very pleasant trip.

At half-past 6 the following evening we were in New York. We then got on an elevated car and rode to Forty-second Street, and were transferred to a surface car, and rode down to the East River, and across in a ferry to Long Island City, and took the train, and, after passing many small towns, we arrived at Floral Park. Our friends were very glad to see us. I am now having a very nice time.

LILLIAN LYTLE JOYNER.
Floral Park, New York.

LAND OF THE SOUTH. LAMD OF THE SOUTH.
Land of the South! imperial land,
How proud thy mountains rise!
How sweet thy scenes on every hand!
How fair thy covering skies!
But not for this—oh! not for these—
I love thy fields to roam:
Thou hast a dearer spell to me—
Thou art my native home!
Selected by E. L. HOPPER,

Jumbled Girl Names,
1. Nihee. 2. Dgrretwee. 3. Aad.
Eeln. 8. Amyr. 6. Nnael. 7. Evrilg.
Ylaid. 9. Yam. 10. Llieit.
Castlewood, Va. VERA DUFF.

Hidden Animals.

1. He can be a roughrider if he tries.

2. He said to all, "I once was elected governor."

3. America tried to free herself from England.

4. Do go away. I am tired.

5. He came long ago.

6. He got terms suitable to himself.

7. He is sixth or seventh in his class.

8. The people get warm on Key West.

9. They put a top or cup in either place.

10. Then were we as elated as ever.

Norwood, Va.

Medicine Charade,
My first is in eat, but not in mat.
My second is in mat, also in rat.
My third is in mat, but not in hat.
My fourth is in pat, but not in fat.
My fith is in hat, also in hen.
My sixth is in hat, also in log.
My seventh is in rat, but not in mat.
My whole is a medicine.
News Ferry, Va. ALMA S. BOLTE.

Jumbled Vegetables.

PRESTON ANDERSON.

THE ADVENTURES OF A DOLL.

I was made in a large factory at Parls. After I was finished I was put in a large box and shipped to America. I landed in New York, where I was handled very rough. After remaining in New York a few days. I was put on board a train and sent to Richmond. I arrived at Richmond and was put in the depot, where I remained a few hours, till a man came and got me and carried me to a large store on Broad Street. I was put in the window, and every one admired me. One day a little girl came along with her mother, and she admired me so much she bought me and carried me home. I was then dressed in a lovely dress, and I looked more beautiful than before. I remained with Edith (for that was the little girl's name) for a long time, and THE ADVENTURES OF A DOLL.

had a very good home, until she carried me to the seashere one summer and left me lying on the ground near the sea while she went to look for sea shells, and a large wave came and carried me to the bottom of the ocean, where I remain to this very day, and I don't guess any one will ever find me. MARGIE GRAY, 507 N. 7th St., City.

"Mew! mew!"
Then Minnie ran and opened the door and caught up in her arms the little kitten she found there. It stopped crying and curied down in her arms, purring softly.
Minnie ran to her mamma and asked her if she might keep the kitty for hor own.

Mamma said she thought it was a little runawny, but she might keep it until she found the owner.

"Well, mamma, I want to give it some breakfast and name it," said Minnie.

some breaktast and name it, said Minnie.

"What will you name it?" asked mamma, smiling. "It was so white, it looked like a little snowball when I first saw it, and I think Snowball would be a pretty name."

For three days Minnio kept the kitten, and was beginning to think it was really her own. She was sitting by the fire, recking Snowball to sleep when some one knocked at the door. She went to open it, still holding the kitty in her arms. A little boy stood there who said: "I heard my kitten was here, and I came after It."

"But are you sure it's yours?" asked Minnie.

Minnie.

"Oh, yes: I'm sure, and I want it."
When Minnie saw she must really
let it go she thrust it into the boy's
hands, saying: "Good-by, my poor littie Snowball." Running to her mamma,
she climbed into her hap and cried
very hard for her lost pet.
The next morning when Minnie came
into the dining-room she heard that
same little cry at the door. Opening
it, there was her dear little Snowball
come back to her,
She clapped her hands with delight
and said she should hide it if any one
came after it again, but mamma said:

came after it again, but mamma said

and said she should hide it if any one came after it again, but mamma said:
"When its owner comes after it again perhaps he will sell it to you, for it seems to wish to stay here."

And it was not long before the owner came. This time Minnie's mamma went to the door and asked him if he would let them keep-his kitten, as she seemed to want to stay with them.

"I will buy it," she said, "if you will sell it."

Minnie held Snowball tightly while she walted for his answer.

"Well," he said, after a little, "i don't care much for a kitten thu will run away all the time. You may have her for ten cents."

"Please give him more, mamma," whispered Minnie, and Mrs. Vine handed the delighted little boy a bright twenty-five-cent piece.

BESSIE V. BARNES.
2615 Venshle St., City.

"THE STAR.

THE STAR.

Once, at the close of evening,
A star shown bright in the sky,
I watched it till it had grown dimmer
And faded from mine eye.

Said I to myself, "I know that star: It has come to tell us a tale, Of the world, and how it got up there And the beautiful hills and vales,"

sat and I thought of the wondrous things That had taken place long years thought how it shone when Christ was born. And shown the wise men where to

They say this world is but cares and wees, Said I to the little star; It is jove and goodness, Heaven knows To children as thou are,

By SARA E. OWEN. 509 E. Franklin St., city.

Insects.

ant, gnat, butterfly and a lot more. Ants are very interesting things; they mother ant lays the eggs and the Minnie vine, in the room all alone, eating her breakfast, dropped her spoonful of bread and milk back into her mug and listened.

A little louder came the cry again:

"Mew! mew!"

Then Minnie ran and opened the door and caught up in her arms the little kitten she found there. It stop the cattering and then the little kitten she found there. It stop

and wraps it around itself and fixes itself on a bush or tree of some kind and goes to sleep, and sleeps all winter. In the spring a butterfly comes out. I always loved to see butterflies flying about.

The fly is one insect that I never took any interfest in.

Javanta of the seed of the seed

Is at the head of the one company. She has a cell made of wax, and that is where they make their honey. The queen bee lays the eggs and they hatch into little worms, which become bees. When they have a swarm, as people call it, is when a new bee becomes queen, and the old one and her attendants so out of the hive, because they don't like her.

Insects took like they are nearly cut into two parts.

Boydton, Va.

MY TRIP TO BLUEFIELD.

I wanted.
Once when I was up in a tree with my little friend, May Guy, and also a colored girl, the lady's nurse fell tumbling out of the tree on her head. It did not hurt her very much. But just then the dinner-bell rang and I went to dinner.

By DOROTHY FRANKLIN.
(Age 12.)

(Age 12.) Elkhorn, W. Va.



"NAPOLEON OF AMERICA."

Letters From Our Children

Dear Editor,—I enjoy reading the T. D. C. C. page very much, and hope to see my plece published every week. I have not received my bedge yet, but hope to in a few days. I am, yours truly.

LUCILLE E. BELL.

Dear Editor,—I can only write you this little letter this morning, as I have been sick, and am now weak. Our subscription to the Sunday Times-Dispatch is nearly out. We have renewed it, for we would not do without your paper. My hand is shaky, so I will now stop writing. Your member, SAMUEL LEE ROBERTSON.

Tally, Va.

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to be a member of your club, the T. D. C. C. I have written to you several times. But have never heard anything from you. It hope this story will escape the waste-banket. Please send me a badge. I hope to be, your member, LOUISE SIEGLE. 1504 W. Main Street, Richmond, Va.

Wear Editor,—I send two pictures which I drew. The tiger is copied, but the girl's head is original. I haven't sent anything for a long time, but now that my school is out, I will try and contribute more regularly. I hope to go to the exposition later in the summer. I think it would be real nice to have a Jamostown page. Hoping to see my pictures on the page soon, I remain, a member. NORMA CLENEAY. Hunter's Hall, Frankin county, Va.

(A True Story.)

I got up real early one morning and got on the train and went to Bluefield. When I got there I got in a buggy and went, out in the country. There I climbed trees and ate all the cherries I wanted.

Dear Editor,—I send you two poems. I was so distincted on not seeling my other poem in appropriate on the seeling my other poems. I was so distincted in the seeling my other poems. I was so distincted on not seeling my other poem in appropriate on

Farmville, Va.
P. S. I am going to send one every week and perhaps I shall receive a medal like a good many others.

Dear Editor,—I here send you another one of my drawings which I hope you will think it sood enough to print on the T. D. C. C. Page. I saw my other drawing in last Sunday's paper and I hope to see this one in next Sunday's paper. I hope it won't find itself in the wastbasket. Yours truly,

JAMES STEWART PATTERSON, JR.,

J17 South First Street, Richmond, Va.,

Dear Editor,—Inclosed you will find a puzzle which I hope will escape the greedy Mr. Wastebakett, I have not written for some time before. When are your little members going to the exposition. I did not go Richmond Day, I expect to go in August and stay three days. I remain, as ever, your member BLANCHE R. WILLIAMS, Church Road, Va. Dear Editor,—I am sending you some drawings which I hope to escape the waste-basket. I have not been to Jamestown, but guess I will go to the mountains, so you needn't expect to hear from your little member much. I haven't gotten my budge yet. Please send it. Your little member. ANNE OLIVER. Turbuville, Va.

Dear Editor,—I. do not like to begin my letter with an apology, but will have to acknowledge that I am ashamed of not writing before to thank you for the book. It has been so warm and I have been so busy rending and making never thought about it. I only have a pleture of my brother and don't think that will do. I will close now. Your member, DEBORAH MCARTHY, 1219 Park Ava., Richmond, Va.

Dear Editor,—This is the last letter you will receive from me in my thirteenth year, for to-morrow I will have reached the age of fourteen years. Inclosed find a peem entitled, "How to Draw a Picture for the T. D. C. C." and hope it may be published. I thank you for printing my letter. Here is a question I've been wanting to sak for some time. Can I obtain back numbers of The Times-Dispatch as far back as about a year and a half age? I will be very much obliged as I am very anxious. I must close, so good-by. Tour loving member.

Elkhorn, W. Va., July 15, 1901.